

THE
B E G G A R's
O P E R A.

WRITTEN by Mr. G A Y.

—*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* MART.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

IF Poverty be a Title to Poetry, I'm sure No body can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their Weekly Festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly Salary for my Catches, and am welcome to a Dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most Poets can say.

Player. As we live by the Muses, 'tis but Gratitude in us to encourage Poetical Merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other Ladies, pay no Distinction to Dress, and never partially mistake the Pertness of Embroidery for Wit, nor the Modesty of Want for Dulness. Be the Author who he will, we push his Play as far as it will go. So (though you are in Want) I wish you Success heartily.

Beggar. This Piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the Marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two most excellent Ballad Singers. I have introduced the Similies that are in all your celebrated Operas: The *Swallow*, the *Moth*, the *Bee*, the *Ship*, the *Flower*, &c. Besides, I have a Prison Scene, which the Ladies always reckon charmingly pathetick. As to the Parts, I have observed such a nice Impartiality to our two Ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take Offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in Vogue; for I have no Recitative: Excepting this, as I have consented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it must be allowed an Opera in all its Forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves, in our Great Room at St. Giles's; so that I cannot too often acknowledge your Charity in bringing it now on the Stage.

Player. But I see 'tis Time for us to withdraw; the Actors are preparing to begin. Play away the Overture.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Mr. Peachum,</i>		<i>Mr. Macklin.</i>
<i>Lockit,</i>		<i>Mr. Turbutt.</i>
<i>Macheath,</i>		{ <i>Mr. Beard, or</i>
<i>Filch,</i>		{ <i>Mr. Lowe.</i>
<i>Jemmy Twitcher,</i>		<i>Mr. Rastor.</i>
<i>Crook-finger'd Jack,</i>		<i>Mr. Leigh.</i>
<i>Wat Dreary,</i>		{ <i>Mr. Wright.</i>
<i>Robin of Bagshot,</i>		<i>Mr. Green.</i>
<i>Nimbling Ned,</i>	} <i>Macheath's Gang.</i>	<i>Mr. Woodburn.</i>
<i>Harry Paddington,</i>		{ <i>Mr. Bright.</i>
<i>Mat of the Mint,</i>		<i>Mr. Gray.</i>
<i>Ben Budge,</i>		<i>Mr. Ray.</i>
<i>Beggar,</i>		{ <i>Mr. Ridout.</i>
<i>Player,</i>		<i>Mr. Winstone.</i>
		<i>Mr. Woodburn.</i>

Constables, Drawer, Turnkey, &c.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Peachum,</i>		<i>Mrs. Macklin.</i>
<i>Polly Peachum,</i>		<i>Mrs. Clive.</i>
<i>Lucy Lockit,</i>		<i>Mrs. Roberts.</i>
<i>Diana Trapes,</i>		<i>Mrs. Macklin.</i>
<i>Mrs. Coaxer,</i>		<i>Miss Horfington</i>
<i>Dolly Trull,</i>		{ <i>Miss Brunette.</i>
<i>Mrs. Vixen,</i>		<i>Mrs. Walker.</i>
<i>Betty Doxey,</i>		{ <i>Miss Thompson.</i>
<i>Jenny Diver,</i>	} <i>Women of the Town.</i>	<i>Mrs. Jackson.</i>
<i>Mrs. Slammekin,</i>		<i>Miss Bennet.</i>
<i>Sukéy Tawdry,</i>		<i>Miss Woodman.</i>
<i>Molly Brazen,</i>		{ <i>Miss Story.</i>



The Beggar's Opera.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Peachum's House.

Peachum *sitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts before him.*

AIR I. An Old Woman cloathed in Grey, &c.

THROUGH all the Employments of Life,
Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife:
All Professions be-rogue one another.
The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
And the Statesman because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but sitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats since we live by them.

SCENE II.

Filch. Sir, *Black Moll* hath sent Word her Trial comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why she may plead her Belly at worst: To my Knowledge she has taken Care of that Security. But as

the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy Dog! When I took him the Time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his Hand. This is Death without Reprieve. I may venture to book him. [*writes.*] For Tom Gagg, Forty Pounds. Let Betty Sly know, that I'll save her from Transportation; for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more Goods into our Lock this Year than any five of the Gang; and in truth, 'tis a Pity to lose so good a Customer.

Peach. If none of the Gang take her off, she may in the common Course of Business, live a Twelve-month longer. I love to let Women 'scape. A good Sportsman always let the Hen Partridges fly, because the Breed of the Game depends upon them. Besides, here the Law allows us no Reward; there is nothing to be got by the Death of Women—except our Wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine Woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my Education, and (to say a bold Word) she has trained up more young Fellows to the Business than the Gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, *Filch*, thy Observation is right. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Professions besides.

A I R II. The bonny grey ey'd Morn, &c.

Filch. 'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind,

By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts:
Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she is kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
For her, like Wolves by Night we roam for Prey,
And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;
For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty must be fed into our Arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, Boy, and let my Friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch.

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Filch. When a Gentleman is long kept in suspense, Penitence may break his Spirit ever after. Besides, Certainty gives a Man a good Air upon his Trial, and makes him risque another without Fear or Scruple. But I'll away; for 'tis a Pleasure to be the Messenger of Comfort to Friends in Affliction.

SCENE III.

Peach. But 'tis now high Time to look about me for a decent Execution against next Sessions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hang'd. A Register of the Gang. [*reading.*] Crook-finger'd *Jack*. A Year and a half in the Service; let me see how much the Stock owes to his Industry; one, two, three, four, five Gold Watches, and seven Silver ones. A mighty clean handed Fellow! Sixteen Snuff-Boxes, five of them of true Gold. Six Dozen of Handkerchiefs, four Silver-hilted Swords, half a Dozen of Shirts, three Tye-Periwigs, and a Piece of Broad Cloth. Considering these are only the Fruits of his leisure Hours, I don't know a prettier Fellow; for no Man alive hath a more engaging Presence of Mind upon the Road. *Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular Dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his Goods. I'll only try him a Sessions or two longer upon his good Behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor, petty-larceny Rascal, without the least Genius; that Fellow, though he were to live these six Months, will never come to the Gallows with any Credit. Slippery *Sam*; he goes off the next Sessions, for the Villain hath the Impudence to have Views of following his Trade as a Taylor, which he calls an honest Employment. *Mat of the Mint*; lifted not above a Month ago, a promising sturdy Fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good Contributions on the Publick, if he does not cut himself short by Murder. *Tom Tiddle*, a guzzling soaking Sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A Cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin of Bag Spot*, alias *Gorgen*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

Mrs. Peach. What of *Bob Booty*, Husband! I hope nothing bad has betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite Customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a Present of this Ring.

Peach. I have set his Name down in the black List, that's all, my dear; he spends his Life among Women, and as soon as his Money is gone, one or other of his Ladies will hang him for the Reward, and there's Forty Pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear, I never meddle in Matters of Death; I always leave those Affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad Judges in these Cases, for they are so partial to the Brave, that they think every Man handsome who is going to the Camp, or the Gallows.

A I R III. Cold and Raw, &c.

*If any Wench Venus's Girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly;
Lillies and Roses will quickly appear,
And her Face looks wond'rous snugly.
Beneath the Left Ear so fit for a Cord,
(A Rose so charming a Zone is!)
The Youth in his Cart bath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis!*

But really, Husband, you should not be too hard hearted, for you never had a finer, braver Set of Men than at present. We have not had a Murder amongst them all, these seven Months. And truly, my dear, that is a great Blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the Woman always a whimpering about Murder for? No Gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a Man in his own Defence; and if Business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?

Mrs.

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Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me, for no body can help the Frailty of an over-scrupulous Conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a Crime as a Man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every Year, purely upon that Article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the Jury to bring it in Man-slaughter, what are they the worse for't? So, my dear, have done upon this Subject. Was Captain *Macbeath* here this Morning, for the Bank Notes he left with you last Week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear; and though the Bank hath stop't Payment, he was so chearful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! If he comes from *Bagshot* at any reasonable Hour, he hath promised to make one this Evening with *Polly* and me, and *Bob Booty* at a Party of Quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. *Marybone* and the Chocolate Houses are his Undoing. The Man that proposes to get Money by Play, should have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be trained up to it from his Youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really, I am sorry upon *Polly's* Account the Captain hath not more Discretion. What Business hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen; he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon *Polly's* Account! what the Plague does the Woman mean? — Upon *Polly's* Account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain *Macbeath* is very fond of the Girl,

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women, I am sure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty Man.

Peach. And what then? You would not be so mad to have the Wench marry him! Gamesters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores, but they are very Devils to their Wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if *Polly* should be in Love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor Girl, I am in the utmost Concern about her.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd, &c.

*If Love the Virgin Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the Simple Maid,
Still plays about the Flame!
If soon she be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,
She's———what I dare not name.*

Peach. Look ye, Wife, a handsome Wench, in our Way of Business, is as profitable as at the Bar of a Temple Coffee House, who looks upon it as her Livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You see I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can in any thing but Marriage! After that, my dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power? For a Husband hath the absolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Discretion of a Court Lady, who can have a Dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I should not matter it, but *Polly* is Tinder, and a Spark will at once set her on a Flame. Married! If the Wench does not know her own Profit, sure she knows her own Pleasure better than to make herself a Property! My Daughter, to me, should be like a Court Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it by the Example of her Neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. May-hap, my dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and she may only allow the Captain Liberties in the View of Interest.

Peach. But 'tis your Duty, my dear, to warn the Girl against her Ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her Beauty. I'll go to her this Moment, and sift her; in the mean time, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of these Dozen of Cambrick Handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this Afternoon to a Chap in the City.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Peachum.

Never was a Man more out of the Way in an Argument than my Husband! Why must our *Polly* forsooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why

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II

why must *Polly's* Marriage, contrary to all Observation, make her the less followed by other Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

AIR V. Of all the simple Things we do, &c.

*A Maid is like the Golden Ore,
Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't;
Whose Worth was never known before
It is try'd, and impress'd in the Mint.
A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought or is sold,
And is current in every House.*

SCENE VI.

Mrs Peachum, *Filch*.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, *Filch*, I am as fond of this Child, as though my Mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a Hand at picking of Pockets as a Woman, and is as nimble finger'd as a juggler. If an unlucky Session does not cut the Rope of thy Life, I pronounce, Boy, thou wilt be a great Man in History. Where was your Post last Night, my Boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the Opera, Madam; and, considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a tolerable Hand on't—These seven Handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Colour'd ones, I see. They are of sure Sale from our Warehouse at *Redriff* among the Seamen.

Filch. And this Snuff Box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this, to a young Beginner.

Filch. I had a fair Tug at a charming Gold Watch. Pox take the Taylors for making the Fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the Way, and I was forced to make my Escape under a Coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth, so that every now and then (since I was pumpt) I have Thoughts of taking up, and going to Sea.

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to *Hockley in-the-Hole*, and to *Marybone*, Child, to learn Valour. Those are the Schools that have bred so many brave Men. I thought, Boy, by this Time, thou hadst lost Fear as well as Shame. Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old Bailey*! For the first Fact, I'll insure thee from being hang'd; and going to Sea, *Filch*, will come Time enough upon a Sentence of Transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, e'en go to your Book, and learn your Catechism; for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary's Paper, who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions. But hark you, my Lad, Don't tell me a Lye; for you know I hate a Lyar. Do you know any thing that hath passed between Captain *Macbeath* and our *Polly*?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a Lye to you, or to Miss *Polly*; for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the Honour of our Family is concern'd——

Filch. I shall lead a sad Life with Miss *Polly*, if ever she come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my Honour by betraying any Body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my Husband and *Polly*. Come *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own Room, and tell me the whole Story: I'll give thee a Glas of a most delicious Cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

SCENE VII.

Peachum, Polly.

Pol. I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of myself and of my Man too. A Woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a Court, or at an Assembly. We have it in our Natures, Papa. If I allow Captain *Macbeath* some trifling Liberties. I have this Watch, and other visible Marks of his Favour to shew for it. A Girl, who cannot grant some Things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor Hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common.

A I R

AIR VI. What shall I do to shew how much I
love her, &c.

Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,

Which in the Gardens enamels the Ground;

Near it the Bees in play flutter and cluster,

And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,

To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)

There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,

Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying
and trifling with a Customer in the Way of Business, or to
get out a Secret, or so. But if I find out that you have
play'd the Fool, and are married, you Jade you, I'll cut
your Throat, Hussy. Now you know my Mind.

SCENE VIII.

Peachum, Polly, Mrs. Peachum.

AIR VII. Oh London is a fine Town.

Mrs. Peachum, in a very great Passion.

Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor beeds what we have taught her,

I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter!

For she must have Hoods and Gowns, and Hoops to swell her

Pride,

With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace; and she'll have

Men beside;

And when she's dress'd with Care and Cost, all tempting fine

and gay,

As Men should serve a Cucumber, she flings herself away.

Our Polly is a sad Slut! &c.

You Baggage! you Hussy! you inconsiderate Jade! had
you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that
might have been your Misfortune; but to do such a mad
Thing by Choice! The Wench is married, Husband.

Peach. Married! The Captain is a bold Man, and will
risque any thing for Money; to be sure he believes her a
Fortune. Do you think your Mother and I shou'd have

B

liv'd

liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married, you Baggage!

Mrs. *Peach*. I knew she was always a proud Slut; and now the Wench has play'd the Fool and married, because she wou'd do like the Gentry. Can you support the Expence of a Husband, Hussy, in Gaming, Drinking, and Whoring? Have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of Man and Wife about who shall squander most? There are not many Husbands and Wives who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handsome Way. If you must be married, cou'd you introduce nobody into our Family but a Highwayman? Why, thou foolish Jade, thou wilt be as ill-us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a Lord.

Peach. Let not your Anger, my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency; for the Captain looks upon himself in the military Capacity, as a Gentleman by his Profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these Ways, let me tell you, are most excellent Chances for a Wife. Tell me, Hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. *Peach*. With *Polly's* Fortune, she might very well have gone off to a Person of Distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting Slut!

Peach. What, is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead, by squeezing out an Answer from you. Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

Pol. Oh!

[pinches her.
[screaming.

Mrs. *Peach*. How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handsome Daughters! Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Lectures of Morality, are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much Pleasure in cheating a Father and Mother, as in cheating at Cards.

Peach. Why, *Polly*, I shall soon know if you are married, by *Mackheath's* keeping from our House.

A I R. VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.

Polly. Can Love be controul'd by Advice?

Will Cupid our Mothers obey?

Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,

At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When

*When he kiss'd me so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry, for fear you should chide.*

Mrs. Peach. Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his Father and Mother-in-Law, in hopes to get into their Daughter's Fortune.

Pol. I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. Oh Husband, Husband! her Folly makes me mad! my Head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh!

Peach. See, Wench, to what a Condition you have reduc'd your poor Mother! a Glas of Cordial this Instant. How the poor Mother takes it to Heart! [Polly goes out and returns with it.] Ah, Hussy, now this is the only Comfort your Mother has left!

Pol. Give her another Glas, Sir; my Mamma drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order. 'This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The Girl shews such a Readiness; and so much Concern, that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been.

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist:
By keeping Men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so tear'd me,
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a Highwayman—You sorry Slut!

Peach. A Word with you Wife. 'Tis no new Thing for a Wench to take a Man without Consent of Parents. You know 'tis the Frailty of Women, my Dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the Sex is frail. But the first Time a Woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice, methinks, for then or never is the time to make her Fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard her-

self from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a Thought shall soon set all Matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, *Polly*? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, *Polly*, as far as one Woman can forgive another, I forgive thee. — Your Father is too fond of you, *Hussy*.

Pol. Then all my Sorrows are at an End.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely Speech, in troth, for a Wench who is just married!

AIR X. *Thomas*, I cannot, &c.

Polly. *I, like a Ship in Storms was tost,
Yet am afraid to put into Land;
For seiz'd in the Port th' Vessel's lost,
Whose Treasure is contraband.*

*The Waves are laid,
My Duty's paid,
O Joy beyond Expression!
Thus safe ashore,
I ask no more,
My All's in my Possession.*

Peach. I hear Customers in t'other Room; go talk with them, *Polly*; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone. But, hark ye, Child, if 'tis the Gentleman who was here Yesterday about the Repeating Watch, say, you believe we can't get Intelligence of it till To-morrow. For I lent it to *Sukey Straddle*, to make a Figure with it to Night at a Tavern in *Drury Lane*. If t'other Gentleman calls for the Silver-hilted Sword; you know *Beetle-brow'd Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* till *Tuesday Night*, so that it cannot be had till then.

SCENE IX.

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

Peach. Dear Wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your Passion run away with your Senses. *Polly*, I grant you, has done a rash Thing.

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an Intrigue with the Fellow, why the very best Families have excus'd and huddled up a Frailty of that Sort. 'Tis Marriage, Husband, that makes it a Blemish.

Peach. But Money, Wife, is the true Fuller's Earth for Reputations; there is not a Spot, or Stain, but what it can take out. A rich Rogue now-a-days is fit Company for any Gentleman; and the World, my Dear, hath not such a Contempt for Roguery, as you imagine. I tell you, Wife, I can make this Match turn to our Advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, Husband, that Captain *Macbeath* is worth Money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three Wives already; and then if he should die in a Session or two, *Polly's* Dower would come into Dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a Point which ought to be consider'd.

AIR XI. A Soldier and a Sailor.

*A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,
A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,
Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,
Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir,
A Thief your Goods and Plate.
But this is all but picking,
With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken;
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
He steals your whole Estate.*

The Lawyers are bitter Enemies to those in our Way. They don't care that any Body should get a clandestine Livelihood but themselves.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

Pol. 'Twas only *Nimming Ned*. He brought in a Damask Window Curtain, a Hoop Petticoat, a Pair of Silver Candlesticks, a Perriwig, and one Silk Stocking from the Fire that happen'd last Night.

B 3

Peach.

Peach. There is not a Fellow that is cleverer in his Way, and saves more Goods out of the Fire than *Ned*. But now, *Polly*, to your Affair; for Matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

Pol. Yes, Sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, Child?

Pol. Like other Women, Sir, upon the Industry of my Husband.

Mrs. Peach. What is the Wench turn'd Fool? A Highwayman's Wife, like a Soldier's, hath as little of his Pay as of his Company.

Peach. And had not you the common Views of Gentlewomen in your Marriage, *Polly*?

Pol. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peach. Of a Jointure, and of being a Widow.

Pol. But I love him, Sir; how then could I have Thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why, that is the whole Scheme and Intention of Marriage Articles. The comfortable Estate of Widow-hood, is the only Hope that keeps up a Wife's Spirits. Where is the Woman would scruple to be a Wife, if she had it in her Power to be a Widow whenever she pleas'd? If you have any Views of this sort, *Polly*, I shall think the Match not so unreasonable.

Pol. How I dread to hear your Advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got; have him peach'd the next Sessions, and then at once you are made a rich Widow.

Pol. What! murder the Man I love! The Blood runs cold at my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Peach. Fie, *Polly*! What hath Murder to do in the Affair? Since the Thing sooner or later must happen. I dare say, the Captain himself would like that we should get the Reward of his Death sooner than a Stranger. Why, *Polly*, the Captain knows that 'tis his Employment to rob; so 'tis ours to take Robbers; every Man in his Business. So that there is no Malice in the Case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter. To have him peach'd, is the only Thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XI. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

Polly. *O ponder well! be not severe;
So save a wretched Wife!
For on the Rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's Life.*

Mrs. Peach. But your Duty to your Parents, Hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a Wife give for such an Opportunity?

Pol. What is a Jointure? What is Widowhood to me? When I know in my Heart I cannot survive him?

AIR XIII. Le printemps rapelle aux armes.

*The Turtle thus with plaintive Crying,
Her Lover dying;
The Turtle thus with plaintive Crying,
Laments her Dove;
Down she drops quite spent with Sighing,
Pair'd in Death, as pair'd in Love.*

Thus, Sir, will it happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What is the Fool in Love in earnest then, I hate thee for being particular: Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

Pol. But hear me, Mother——if you ever lov'd——

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed Play Books she reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Hussy, and I shall knock your Brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the Way, Polly, for fear of Mischief, and consider what is propos'd to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, Hussy, hang your Husband, and be dutiful.

SCENE XI.

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum. [Polly listening.]

Mrs. Peach. The Thing, Husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of Intelligence we must take other Methods, and have him peach'd the next Sessions without her Consent. If she will not know her Duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man. When I consider his personal Bravery,

very, his fine Stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my Heart to have a Hand in his Death. I wish you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a Case of Necessity—— our own Lives are in Danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the Customs of the World, and make Gratitude give way to Interest,——He shall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage *Polly*.

Peach. And I'll prepare Matters for the *Old Bailey*.

SCENE XII.

Polly.

Now I'm a Wretch, indeed——Methinks, I see him already in the Cart, sweeter and more lovely than the Nosegay in his Hand!——I hear the Croud extolling his Resolution and Intrepidity!——What Volumes of Sighs are sent from the Windows of *Holborn*, that so comely a Youth should be brought to Disgrace!——I see him at the Tree! The whole Circle are in Tears!——even Butchers weep! *Jack Ketch* himself hesitates to perform his Duty, and would be glad to lose his Fee by a Reprieve. What then will become of *Polly*!——As yet I may inform him of their Design, and aid him in his Escape——It shall be so——But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear Conversation! That too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the Way, my Papa and Mama may in Time relent, and we may be happy.—If he stays he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!——He intended to lie conceal'd in my Room till the Dusk of the Evening: If they are abroad, I'll this Instant let him out, lest some Accident should prevent him.

[Exit, and returns.

SCENE XIII.

Polly, Macheath.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot say——

Mach.

*Pretty Polly say,
When I was away,
Did your Fancy never stray
To some newer Lover?*

Polly.

Polly.

Without Disguise,

Heaving Sighs,

Doating Eyes,

My constant Heart discover,

Fondly let my loll!

Mach.

O pretty, pretty Poll.

Pol. And are you as fond as ever, my dear?

Mach. Suspect my Honour, my Courage, suspect any thing but my Love——May my Pistols miss Fire, and my Mare slip her Shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

Pol. Nay, my dear, I have no Reason to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me, none of the great Heroes was ever false in Love.

AIR XV. Pray, Fair One, be kind——

Mach.

My Heart was so free,

It rov'd like the Bee,

'Till Polly my Passion requited;

I sipp'd each Flower,

I chang'd ev'ry Hour,

But here ev'ry Flower is united.

Pol. Were you sentenc'd to Transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you——could you?

Mach. Is there any Power, any Force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear the Pension out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking Glass, or any Woman from *Quadrille*.——But to tear me from thee is impossible.

AIR XVI. Over the Hills and far away.

Were I laid on Greenland's Coast,

And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass;

Warm amidst eternal Frost,

Too soon the Half Year's Night would pass,

Polly. Were I sold on Indian Soil,

Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,

I could mock the sultry Toil,

When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd.

Mach. And I would love you all the Day,

Polly

Polly. Every Night would kiss and play,

Mach. If with me you'd fondly stray,

Polly. Over the Hills and far away.

Pol. Yes, I would go with thee, But oh!— how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part!

Mach. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must—My Papa and Mama are set against thy Life. They now, even now, are in Search after thee. They are preparing Evidence against thee. Thy Life depends upon a Moment.

AIR XVII. Gin thou wert mine awn Thing—

O what Pain it is to part?

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O what Pain it is to part?

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest Death my Love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal Cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart?

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One Kiss and then—one Kiss—be gone—farewel.

Mach. My Hand, my Heart, my dear, is so rivetted to thine, that I cannot unloose my Hold.

Pol. But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mach. Must I then go?

Pol. And will not Absence change your Love?

Mach. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hang'd.

Pol. O how I fear! How I tremble!—Go—but when Safety give you Leave, you will be sure to see me again; for 'till then Polly is wretched.

AIR XVIII. O the Broom, &c.

<i>Mach.</i> The Miser thus a Shilling sees,	[Parting and looking
<i>Which he's oblig'd to pay;</i>	back at each other
<i>With Sighs resigns it by Degrees,</i>	with Fondness, he at
<i>And fears 'tis gone for aye.</i>	one Door, she at the
	other.

Polly.

Polly. *The Boy, thus when his Sparrow's flown,
The Bird in Silence flies;
But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, jobs and cries.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern near Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook finger'd Jack, Wat Dreary,
Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Henry Paddington,
Mat of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the rest of the Gang
at the Table, with Wine, Brandy and Tobacco.

Ben. **B**UT pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy
Brother Tom? I have not seen him since my
Return from Transportation.

Mat. Poor Brother Tom had an Accident this Time
Twelve-month, and so clever a made Fellow he was that
I could not save him from those fleaing Rascals the Sur-
geons; and now, poor Man, he is among the Otamys at
Surgeons Hall.

Ben. So it seems his Time was come.

Jem. But the present Time is ours, and no Body alive
hath more. Why are the Laws levell'd at us? are we
more dishonest than the rest of Mankind? What we win,
Gentlemen, is our own by the Law of Arms, and the
Right of Conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another Set of practical
Philosophers, who to a Man are above the Fear of Death?

Wat. Sound Men, and true!

Robin. Of try'd Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

Ned. Who is there here that wou'd not die for his Friend!

Har. Who is there here that would betray him for his
Interest?

Mat. Show me a Gang of Courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just Partition of the World, for every
Man hath a Right to enjoy Life.

Mat. We retrench the Superfluities of Mankind. The
World is avaritious, and I hate Avarice. A covetous
Fellow, like a Jackdaw, steals what he never was made to
enjoy,

enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the Robbers of Mankind; for Money was made for the free-hearted and generous; and where is the Injury of taking from another, what he hath not a Heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several Stations for the Day are fixt. Good Luck attend us all. Fill the Glasses.

AIR XIX. Fill ev'ry Glass, &c.

Mat. Fill ev'ry Glass, for Wine inspires us,
And fires us

With Courage, Love and Joy,

Women and Wine should Life employ,

Is there ought else on Earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry Glass, &c.

SCENE H.

To them enter Macheath.

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour; but an unexpected Affair hath detain'd me. No Ceremony, I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up to go upon Duty. Am I to have the Honour of taking the Air with you, Sir, this Evening upon the Heath? I drink a Dram now and then with the Stage Coachmen in the way of Friendship, and Intelligence; and I know that about this Time there will be Passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that Party—but—

Mat. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any Man who suspects my Courage?

Mat. We have all been Witnesses of it.

Mach. My Honour and Truth to the Gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mach. In the Division of our Booty have I ever shewn the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

Mat. By these Questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mach. I have a fix'd Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honour, and as such I value and respect you. *Peacum* is a Man that is useful to us.

Matt.

Matt. Is he about to play us any foul Play? I'll shoot him through the Head.

Mach. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Conduct and Discretion. A Pistol is your last Resort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Mach. Business cannot go on without him: He is a Man that knows the World, and is a necessary Agent to us. We have had a slight Difference, and 'till it is accommodated, I shall be oblig'd to keep out of his Way. Any private Dispute of mine shall be of no ill Consequence to my Friends. You must continue to act under his Direction; for the Moment we break loose from him, our Gang is ruin'd.

Matt. As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is to us of great Convenience.

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the Gang, which I can never do but with my Life. At our private Quarters I will continue to meet you. A Week or so will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your Instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high Time for us to repair to our several Duties; so 'till the Evening at our Quarters at *Moorfields*, we bid you farewell.

Mach. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the Table.]

AIR XX. March in *Rinaldo*, with Drums and Trumpets.

Matt. Let us take the Road.

Hark! I hear the Sound of Coaches!

The Hour of Attack approaches;

To your Arms, brave Boys, and load.

See the Ball I hold!

Lie Chymists toil like Asses,

Our Fire their Fire surpasses,

And turns all our Lead to Gold.

[The Gang rang'd in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles; then go off singing the first Part in Chorus.]

C

SCENE

SCENE III.

Macheath, Drawer.

Mach. What a Fool is a fond Wench! *Polly* is most confoundedly bit.—I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money, might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town hath been as much oblig'd to me, for recruiting it with free hearted Ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us, and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, *Drury Lane* would be uninhabited.

A I R XXI. Would you have a young Virgin, &c.

*If the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,
The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears;
Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclose,
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.*

*Press her,
Caress her,
With Blisses,
Her Kisses.*

Dissolve us in Pleasure and soft Repose.

I must have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not so strong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer—[Enter Drawer.] Is the Porter gone for all the Ladies according to my Directions.

Drawer. I expect him back every Minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as *Hockley in the Hole* for three of the Ladies; for one in *Vinegar-Yard*, and for the rest of them somewhere about *Newton's Lane*. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the Bar-Bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, Coming.

SCENE IV.

Macheath, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.

Mach. Dear *Mrs. Coaxer*, you are welcome. You look charmingly To-day. I hope you don't want the Repairs

Repairs of Quality, and lay on Paint——*Dolly Trull!*
kiss me, you Slut; are you as amorous as ever, Hussy?
You are always so taking up with stealing Hearts, that you
don't allow yourself Time to steal any thing else——Ah,
Dolly, thou wilt never be a Coquette!——*Mrs. Vixen*,
I am yours, I always lov'd a Woman of Wit and Spirit;
they make charming Mistresses, but plaguy Wives.——
Betty Doxy! Come hither, Hussy, Do you drink as hard
as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome Beer;
for in Truth, *Betty*, Strong-Waters will in Time ruin
your Constitution. You should leave those to your Bet-
ters.——What! and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! As
prim and demure as ever! There is not any Prude, though
ever so high-bred, hath a more sanctify'd Look, with a
more mischievous Heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful
Hypocrite.——*Mrs. Slammekin!* as careless and genteel
as ever! all you fine Ladies, who know your own Beauty,
affect an Undress.——But see, here's *Suky Taradry* come
to contradict what I was saying. Every thing she gets one
way she lays out upon her Back. Why, *Suky*, you must
keep at least a dozen Tallymen.——*Molly Brazen!* [*She*
kisses him.] That's well done. I love a free-hearted Wench.
Thou hast a most agreeable Assurance, Girl, and art as wil-
ling as a Turtle.——But hark! I hear Musick. The
Harper is at the Door. *If Musick be the Food of Love, play*
on. E're you seat yourselves, Ladies, what think you of
a Dance? Come in. [*Enter Harper.*] Play the French Tune
that *Mrs. Slammekin* was so fond of.

[*A Dance a la mode in the French Manner; near the End*
of it this Song and Chorus.]

AIR XXII. Cotillon.

Youth's the Season made for Joys,

Love is then our Duty;

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her Beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a Flower despis'd in Decay.

Youth's the Season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to Day,

Ours is not To-morrow.

*Love with Youth flies swift away,
Age is naught but Sorrow.*

*Dance and sing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the Return of Spring.*

Chorus. *Let us drink, &c.*

Mach. Now, pray Ladies, take your Places. Here, Fellow. [*pays the Harper.*] Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. [*Exit Harper.*] If any of the Ladies chuse Gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

Jen. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink strong Waters but when I have the Cholick.

Mach. Just the Excuse of the fine Ladies! Why, a Lady of Quality is never without the Cholick. I hope, *Mrs. Coaxer*, you have had good Success of late in your Visits among the Mercers.

Coax. We have had so many Interlopers——Yet with Industry, one may still have a little Picking. I carried a Silver flower'd Lutestring, and a Piece of black Padefoy, to Mr. *Peachum's* Lock but last Week.

Vix. There's *Polly Braxen* hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She riveted a Linnen-Draper's Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of thre Pieces of Cambrick before he could look off.

Brax. Oh dear, Madam! ——But sure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman must have fine Parts indeed, who cheats a Woman!

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a small Compass, and is of easy Conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your Friends.

Coax. If any Woman hath more Art than another, to be sure, 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her Fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if Money were her only Pleasure. Now that is a Command of the Passions uncommon in a Woman!

Jen. I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Business. I have other Hours, and other sort of Men for my Pleasure. But had I your Address, Madam ——

Mach.

Macb. Have done with your Compliments, Ladies; and drink about: You are not so fond of me, *Jenny*, as you used to be.

Jen. 'Tis not so convenient, Sir, to shew my Fondness among so many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the Warmth of my Inclination, that will determine you.

A I R XXIII. All in a misty Morning, &c.

*Before the Barn Door crowing,
The Cock by Hens attended,
His Eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended.
Then one he singles from the Crew,
And cheers the happy Hen;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.*

Macb. Ah, *Jenny*! thou art a dear Slut.

Trull. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I han't been so long upon the Town, but I have met with some good Fortune as well as my Neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no Harm by the Question; 'twas only in the way of Conversation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a Fool, I might have liv'd very handsomely with my last Friend. But upon his missing five Guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of Keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is hereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew; and barring their Religion, to Women they are a good sort of People.

Tawd. Now for my Part, I own I like an old Fellow; for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A spruce Prentice, let me tell you, Ladies, is no ill Thing, they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three Dozen of them in my Time to the Plantations.

Jen. To be sure, Sir, with so much good Fortune as you have had upon the Road, you must be grown immensely rich,

Mach. The Road, indeed, hath done me Justice; but the Gaming-Table hath been my Ruin.

A I R XXIV. When once I lay with another Man's Wife, &c.

Jen. *The Gamesters and Lawyers are Jugglers alike,
If they meddle, your All is in Danger,
Like Gypsies, if once they can finger a Soufe,
Your Pockets they pick, and they pilfer your House,
And give your Estate to a Stranger.*

A Man of Courage should never put any thing to the Risque but his Life. These are the Tools of a Man of Honour. Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly Cheats, who prey upon their Friends. *[She takes up his Pistol.*

Tawdry takes up the other.

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand. Besides, your Loss of Money, 'tis a Loss to the Ladies; Gaming takes you off from Women. How fond could I be of you!—before Company 'tis ill bred.

Mach. Wanton Hussys.

Jen. I must and will have a Kiss, to give my Wine a Zelt. *[They take him about the Neck, and make Signs to Peachum, and Constables, who rush in upon him.*

SCENE V.

To them Peachum and Constables.

Peach. I seize you, Sir, as my Prisoner.

Mach. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoying Ducks; who can trust them? Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!

Peach. Your Case, Mr. *Macheath*, is not particular: The greatest Heroes have been ruin'd by Women. But, to do them Justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of Creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your Leave of the Ladies, and if they have a Mind to make you a Visit, they will be sure to find you at Home. This Gentleman, Ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Constables, wait upon the Captain, to his Lodgings.

A I R

AIR XXV. When first I laid Siege to my Chloris, &c.

Mach. *At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,
At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all Kinds of Ill,
I shall find no such Furies as these are.*

Peach. Ladies, I'll take Care the Reckoning shall be discharged.

[Ex. Macheath, guarded with Peachum and Constables.

SCENE VI. *The Women remain.*

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private Bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry, for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

Coax. I think Mr. Peachum, after so long an Acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am sure at least three Men of his hanging, and in a Year's Time too (if he did me justice) should be set down to my Account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair, for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a Bowl of Punch, or a Treat, I believe Mrs. Sukey will join with me——As for any thing else, Ladies, you cannot in Conscience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the World——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam——

Slam. Nay, then I must stay here all Night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[Exeunt, with great Ceremony.

SCENE VII. *Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, Constables.

Lockit. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a Lodger of mine this Year and half. You know the Custom, Sir, Garnish, Captain, Garnish. Hand me down those Fetters there.

Mach.

Mach. Those, Mr. *Lockit*, seem to be the heaviest of the whole Sett. With your Leave, I should like the further Pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our Prisoners. When a Gentleman uses me with Civility, I always do the best I can to please him—Hand them down, I say—We have them of all Prices, from one Guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every Gentleman should please himself.

Mach. I understand you, Sir. [*Gives Money.*] The Fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few Fortunes can bear the Expence of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a Gentleman.

Lock. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better—Take down the further Pair. Do but examine them, Sir,——Never was better Work—How genteelly they are made!——They will fit as easy as a Glove, and the nicest Man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the Chains.*] If I had the best Gentleman in the Land in my Custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, Sir, I now leave you to your private Meditations.

SCENE VIII. Macheath.

AIR XXVI. Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm, &c.

Man may escape from Rope and Gun;

Nay, some have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill;

Who takes a Woman must be undone,

That Basilisk is sure to kill.

The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,

So be that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,

He that tastes Woman, Ruin meets.

To what a woful Plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all Day long, till I am hang'd be confin'd to hear the Reproaches of a Wench who lays her Ruin at my Door.—I am in the Custody of her Father, and to be sure if he knows of the Matter, I shall have a fine Time on't betwixt this and my Execution.—But I promis'd the Wench Marriage—What signifies a Promise to a Woman? does not Man in Marriage promise a Hundred Things that he never means to perform? do all we can Women will believe us; for they look upon a Promise as an Excuse for following their own Inclinations. — But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her. — Wou'd I were deaf!

SCENE

SCENE IX. Macheath, Lucy.

Lucy. You base Man you——how can you look me
in the Face after what hath past between us?——See
here, perfidious Wretch, how I am forced to bear about
that Load of Infamy you have laid upon me——*O*
Macheath! thou hast robb'd me of my Quiet——to see
thee tortur'd would give me Pleasure.

AIR XXVII. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

*Thus when a good Housewife sees a Rat
In her Trap in the Morning taken,
With Pleasure her Heart goes pit a pat,
In Revenge for the Loss of her Bacon;
Then she throws him
To the Dog or Cat,
To be worry'd, crush'd, and shaken.*

Mach. Have you no Bowels, no Tendernefs, my dear
Lucy, to see a Husband in these Circumstances.

Lucy. A Husband!

Mach. In every Respect but the Form, and that, my
dear, may be said over us at any Time—Friends should
not insist upon Ceremonies. From a Man of Honour, his
Word is as good as his Bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the Pleasure of you fine Men to insult the
Women ye have ruin'd,

AIR XXVIII. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring, &c.

*How cruel are the Traytors,
Who lie and swear in Jest;
To cheat unguarded Creatures
Of Virtue, Fame, and Rest!
Whoever steals a Shilling,
Through Shame the Guilt conceals;
In Love the perjur'd Villain
With Boasts the Theft reveals.*

Mach. The very first Opportunity, my dear, (have
Patience) you shall be my Wife in whatever Manner you
please.

Lucy. Insinuating Monster! And so you think I know
nothing

nothing of the Affair of Miss *Polly Peachum*,——I could tear thy Eyes out!

Mach. Sure, *Lucy*, you cannot be such a Fool as to be jealous of *Polly*!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you Brute, you?

Mach. Married? Very good. The Wench gives it out only to vex thee, and ruin me in thy good Opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the House, I chat with the Girl, I kiss her, I say a Thousand Things to her (as all Gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly Jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, these violent Passions may be of ill Consequences to a Woman in your Condition.

Lucy. Come, come Captain, for all your Assurance, you know that Miss *Polly* hath put it out of your Power to do me the Justice you promised me.

Mach. A jealous Woman believes every Thing her Passion suggests. To convince you of my Sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no Scruples of making you my Wife; and I know the Consequence of having two at a Time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mach. I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to give you Satisfaction; can a Man of Honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to Miss *Polly*.

Mach. You know, *Lucy*, the Girl is prodigiously conceited. No Man can say a civil Thing to her, but (like other fine Ladies) her Vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

A I R XXIX. The Sun has loos'd his weary Teams, &c.

The first Time at the Looking Glass

The Mother sets her Daughter,

The Image strikes the smiling Lass

With Self love ever after.

Each Time she looks, she sonder grown,

Thinks every Charm grows stronger,

But alas, vain Maid, all Eyes but your own,

Can see you are not younger.

When

When Women consider their own Beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their Demands; for they expect their Lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my Father — perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your Word.—For I long to be made an honest Woman.

SCENE X.

Peachum, Lockit with an Account Book.

Lock. In this last Affair, Brother *Peachum*, we are agreed; you have consented to go halves in *Macheath*.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an Execution—But as to this Article pray how stands our last Year's Account?

Lock. If you will run your Eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long Arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! can it be expected that we should hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the People in Employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other Rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, Brother, they are afraid these Matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with Contempt, as if our Profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect, indeed, our Employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their Friends.

Lock. Such Language, Brother, any where else, might turn to your Prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR XXX. How happy are we, &c.

*When you censure the Age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the Courtiers offended should be:
If you mention Vice or Bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe,
Each cries——That was lewell'd at me.*

Peach. Here's poor *Ned Clincher's* Name I see. Sure, Brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair Proceeding in *Ned's* Case; for he told me in the Condemned Hold, that
for

for Value received, you had promised him a Session or two longer without Molestation.

Lock. Mr. *Peachum*—This is the first Time my Honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonorably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, Brother.

Lock. He that attacks my Honour attacks my Livelihood—And this Usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her Information Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated

Hugh. Indeed, indeed Brother, we must punctually pay our Spies, or we shall have no Information.

Lock. Is this Language to me, Sirrah?—who have sav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah! [Collaring each other.

Peach. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the World of an arrant Rascal.

Lock. This Hand shall do the Office of the Halter you deserve, and throttle you—you Dog!—

Peach. Brother, Brother—We are both in the Wrong—We shall be both Losers in the Dispute—for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual Interest; 'tis for the Interest of the World we should agree. If I said any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your Hand. Suspicion does not become a Friend.

Peachum. I only meant to give you Occasion to justify yourself: But I must now step home, for I expect the Gentleman about the Snuff Box that *Filch* nimm'd two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this Hour.

SCENE XI. Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. Whence came you, Huffy?

Lucy. My Tears might answer that Question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling like a Spaniel, over the Fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help Love, one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my Power to obey you and hate him.

Lock.

The BEGGAR'S OPERA. 37

Lock. Learn to bear your Husband's Death like a reasonable Woman. 'Tis not the Fashion now-a-days, so much as to affect Sorrow on these Occasions. No Woman would ever marry, if she had not the Chance of Mortality for a Release. Act like a Woman of Spirit, Hussy, and thank your Father for what he is doing.

A I R XXXI. Of a noble Race was *Shenkin*.

Lucy. *Is then his Fate decreed, Sir?*
Such a Man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my Heart is splitting!

Lock. Look ye, *Lucy*—There is no saving him—So I think, you must e'en do like other Widows—Buy yourself Weeds, and be chearful.

A I R XXXII.

You'll think e'er many Days ensue,
This Sentence not severe;
I hang your Husband, Child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your Care.
Twang dang dillo de.

Like a good Wife go moan over your dying Husband; that Child, is your Duty—Consider, Girl, you can't have the Man and Money too—so make yourself as easy as you can by getting all you can from him.

S C E N E XII. *Lucy, Macheath.*

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way To-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first Opportunity, quiet my Scruples—O Sir! my Father's hard Heart is not to be softened, and I'm in the utmost Despair.

Mach. But if I could raise a small Sum—Would not Twenty Guineas, think you, move him? of all the Arguments in the way of Business, the Perquisite is the most prevailing—Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

D

A I R

AIR XXXIII. *London Ladies.*

*If you of an Office solicit your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected,
You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,
To do what his Duty directed:
Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
She too has this palpable Failing,
The Perquisite softens her into Consent;
That Reason with all is prevailing.*

Lucy. What Love or Money can do shall be done? for all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

SCENE XIII. *Lucy, Macheath, Polly.*

Pol. Where is my dear Husband? — Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck! — O let me throw my Arms about it, and throttle thee with Love! Why dost thou turn away from me? — 'Tis thy Polly — 'Tis thy Wife?

Mach. Was ever such an unfortunate Rascal as I am?

Lucy. Was there ever such another Villain!

Pol. O Macheath! Was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprison'd! Try'd! Hang'd! — Cruel Reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till Death — no Force shall tear thy dear Wife from thee now. — What means my Love? — Not one kind Word! not one kind Look! think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this Condition.

AIR XXXIV. *All in the Downs, &c.*

*Thus when the Swallow seeking Prey,
Within the Sash is closely pent,
His Consort with bemoaning Lay,
Without sits pining for th'Event:
Her chatt'ring Lovers all around her skim,
She heeds them not (poor Bird) her Soul's with him.*

Mach. I must disown her. [*Afide.*] The Wench is distracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my Virtue? Can I have no Reparation? Sure Men were born to lye, and Women to believe them! O Villain! Villain!

Pol. Am I not thy Wife? — Thy Neglect of me, thy
Aver-

Aversion to me too severely proves it. — Look on me —
Tell me, am I not thy Wife?

Lucy. Perfidious Wretch!

Pol. Barbarous Husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hang'd five Months ago, I had
been happy.

Pol. And I too — If you had been kind to me till Death,
it wou'd not have vex'd me — And that's no very unrea-
sonable Request, (though from a Wife) to a Man who hath
not above seven or eight Days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two
Wives, Monster?

Mach. If Womens Tongues can cease for an Answer —
hear me.

Lucy. I won't — Flesh and Blood cant bear my Usage.

Pol. Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR XXXV. Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty, &c.

Mach. *How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a Word will I say,
But tel de rol, &c.*

Pol. Sure, my Dear, there ought to be some Preference
shewn to a Wife! At least she may claim the Appearance
of it. He must be distracted with his Misfortunes, or he
could not use me thus.

Lucy. O Villain, Villain! thou hast deceived me — I
could even inform against thee with Pleasure. Not a Prude
wishes more heartily to have Facts against her intimate
Acquaintance, than I now wish to have Facts against thee.
I would have her Satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. Irish Tropt.

Pol. *I'm bubbled.*

Lucy. — *I'm bubbled.*

Pol. *Oh how am I troubled!*

Lucy. *Bambouzzled and bit!*

Pol. — *My Distresses are doubled.*

Lucy. *When you come to the Tree, should the Hangman refuse,
These Fingers, with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose.*

Pol. *I'm bubbled, &c.*

Mach. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*—This is all a Fetch of *Polly's* to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hang'd, she would fain have the Credit of being thought my Widow—Really, *Polly*, this is no Time for a Dispute of this Sort; for whenever you are talking of Marriage, I am thinking of Hanging.

Pol. And hast thou the Heart to persist in disowning me?

Mach. And hast thou the Heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? why, *Polly*, dost thou seek to aggravate my Misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss *Peachum*, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumstances.

AIR XXXVIII.

Polly. Cease your Punning,
Force or Cunning,
Never shall my Heart trepan;
All these Sallies
Are but Malice,
To seduce my constant Man.
'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have Envy shewn;
Pleas'd to ruin,
Others wooing,
Never happy in their own.

Pol. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some Reserve to the Husband, while his Wife is present.

Mach. But seriously, *Polly*, this is carrying the Joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a Disturbance in the Prison, I shall be oblig'd to send for the Turnkey to shew you the Door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Pol. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, these forward Airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my Duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my Husband, Madam.

AIR XXXVIII. Good Morrow, Gossip Joan.

Lucy. *Why how now, Madam Flirt?
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging Dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter:*

Madam Flirt.

Polly. *Why, how now, saucy Jade:*

Sure the Wench is tipsy!

How can you see me made

[To him,

The Scoff of such a Gipsy?

Saucy Jade! [To her.

SCENE XIV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.

Peach. Where's my Wench? Ah Hussy! Hussy! —
Come you home, you Slut; and when your Fellow is hang'd,
hang yourself, to make your Family some Amends.

Pol. Dear, dear Father, do not tear me from him — I
must speak: I have more to say to him — Oh! twist thy
Fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all Women are alike! If ever they commit
a Folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing
themselves — Away — Not a Word more — You are my
Prisoner now, Hussy.

AIR XXXIX. *Irish* Howl.

Polly. *No Pow'r on Earth can e'er divide*

The Knot that sacred Love bath ty'd;

When Parents draw against our Mind,

The true-love's Knot they faster bind.

Oh, oh ray, oh Ambarab — oh, oh, &c.

[Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.

SCENE XV. Lucy, Macheath.

Mach. I am naturally compassionate, Wife; so that I
could not use the Wench as she deserved, which made you
at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my Dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Mach. If that had been the Case, her Father would never
have brought me into this Circumstance — No, Lucy —
I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I if you say this from your Heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the Arms of another.

Mach. But could'st thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy. Oh, *Macheath*, I can never live to see that Day.

Mach. You see, *Lucy*, in the Account of Love you are in my Debt, and you must now be convinc'd that I rather chuse to die than be another's—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee.—If you refuse to assist me, *Peachum* and your Father will immediately put me beyond all Means of Escape.

Lucy. My Father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the Prisoners; and I fancy he is now taking his Nap in his own Room—If I can procure the Keys, shall I go off with thee, my Dear?

Mach. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie conceal'd. As soon as the Search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee—'Till then my Heart is thy Prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear Husband—owe thy Life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful——But that *Polly* runs in my Head strangely.

Mach. A Moment of Time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. 'The Lads of *Pattie's* Mill, &c.

Lucy. I like the Fox shall grieve,
Whose Mate hath left her Side,
When Hounds from Morn to Eve,
Chase o'er the Country wide.
Where can my Lover hide?
Where cheat the weary Pack?
If Love be not his Guide,
He never will come back!

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Newgate.*

Lockit, *Lucy.*

Lock. **T**O be sure Wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to his Escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his Daughter *Polly*,
and

and to be sure they know the Ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the Place all their Lives. Why must all your Suspicion light upon me?

Lock. *Lucy*, *Lucy*, I will have none of these shuffling Answers.

Lucy. Well then——if I know any thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your Temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, Sir——I wish I may be burnt. I do——And what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?——How much did he come down with?——Come Huffy, don't cheat your Father, and I shall not be angry with you——Perhaps, you have made a better Bargain with him than I could have done——How much, my good Girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and wou'd have given Money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ay, *Lucy*, thy Education might have put thee more upon thy Guard; for a Girl in the Bar of an Ale-house is always besieg'd.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my Education——for 'twas to that I owe my Ruin.

AIR XLL. If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

*When young at the Bar, you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free with my Lips, and no more;
I was kiss'd by the Parson, the 'Squire, and the Sot,
When the Guest was departed, the Kiss was forgot.
But his Kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.*

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair Confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous Villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, Huffy——Have you?

Lucy. When a Woman loves; a kind Look, a tender Word, can persuade her to any thing——And I could ask no other Bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar Slut, *Lucy*——If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you should never do any thing but upon the Foot of Interest. Those that act otherwise are their own Bubbles.

Lucy.

Lucy. But Love, Sir, is a Misfortune that may happen to the most discreet Woman, and in Love we are all Fools alike——Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd, that *Polly Peachum* is actually his Wife——Did I let him escape (Fool that I was) to go to her?——*Polly* will wheedle herself into his Money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd, because, forsooth, you must be in Love!——a very pretty Excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent, happy Strumpet——I gave him his Life, and that Creature enjoys the Sweets of it.——Ungrateful *Macheath*!

AIR XLII. *South Sea Ballad.*

*My Love is all Madness and Folly,
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble and cry,
What a happy Creature is Polly!
With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
That my dear inconstant Varlet,
Stark-blind to my Charms,
Is lost in the Arms
Of that Filt, that inveigling Harlot!
Stark-blind to my Charms,
Is lost in the Arms
Of that Filt, that inveigling Harlot!
This, this my Resentment alarms.*

Lock. And so, after all this Mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your Catterwaling, Mistress Puss!——Out of my Sight, wanton Strumpet? you shall fast and mortify yourself into Reason, with now and then a little handsome Discipline to bring you to your Senses——Go.

SCENE II.

Lock. *Peachum* then intends to out-wit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him.——The Dog is leaky in his Liquor, so I'll ply him that Way, get the Secret from him, and turn this Affair to my own Advantage.—Lions, Wolves, and Vultures don't live together in Herds, Drovers, or Flocks.—Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only sociable

able one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together—*Peachum* is my Companion, my Friend—According to the Custom of the World, indeed, he may quote Thousands of Precedents for cheating me—And shall not I make use of the Privilege of Friendship to make him a Return?

AIR XLIII. *Packington's Pound.*

*Thus Gamesters united in Friendship are found,
Though they know their Industry all is a Cheat,
They flock to their Prey at the Dice-Boxe's Sound,
And join to promote one another's Deceit.*

But if by Mishap

They fail of a Chap,

*To keep in their Hands, they each other entrap,
Like Pikes, lank with Hunger, who miss of their Ends,
They bite their Companions and prey on their Friends.*

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honest Tradesmen, are to have a fair Trial which of us two can over-reach the other.—*Lucy*.—[*Enter Lucy*.] Are there any of *Peachum's* People now in the House?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a Quartern of strong Waters in the next Room with *Black Moll*.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

SCENE III. *Lockit, Filch.*

Lock. Why, Boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved, like a shotten Herring.

Filch. One had need have the Constitution of a Horse to go through the Business.—Since the favourite Child-getter was disabled by a Mishap, I have pick'd up a little Money by helping the Ladies to a Pregnancy, against their being called down to Sentence.—But if a Man cannot get an honest Livelihood an easier Way, I am sure 'tis what I can't undertake for another Sessions.

Lock. Truly if that great Man should tip off, 'twould be an irreparable Loss. The Vigour and Prowess of a Knight Errand never sav'd half the Ladies in Distress that he hath done—But, Boy, can'st thou tell me where thy Master is to be found?

Filch.

Filch. At his (a) Lock, Sir, at the *Crooked Billet*.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important Affairs to settle with him; and in the Way of those Transactions I'll artfully get into his Secret—So that *Macheath* shall not remain a Day longer out of my Clutches.

SCENE IV. *A Gaming House.*

Mach. in a fine tarnish'd Coat, Ben Budge, Mat of the Mint.

Mach. I am sorry, Gentlemen, the Road was so barren of Money. When my Friends are in Difficulties, I am always glad that my Fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them Money.*] You see, Gentlemen, I am not a meer Court Friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. *Lillibullero.*

*The Modes of the Court so common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.*

*'Tis true you find
Some Friends so kind,
Who will you good Counsel themselves to defend,
In sorrowful Ditty,
They promise you Pity,
But shift you for Money from Friend to Friend.*

But we, Gentlemen, have still Honour enough to break through the Corruptions of the World.—And while I can serve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my Heart that so generous a Man should be involved in such Difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill Company, and herd with Gamesters.

Mat. See the Partiality of Mankind!—One Man may steal a Horse better than another look over a Hedge—Of all Mechanicks, of all servile handicrafts Men, a Gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the Quality are of the Profession, he is admitted amongst the politest Company. I wonder we are not more respected.

Mach. There will be a deep Play To-night at *Marybone*,

(a) A Cant Word, signifying a Warehouse where stolen Goods are deposited.

and

and consequently Money may be pick'd up upon the Road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the Hint who is worth Setting.

Mat. The Fellow with the brown Coat, with a narrow Gold Binding, I am told is never without Money.

Mach. What do you mean, *Mat*?—Sure you will not think of meddling with him!—He's a good honest kind of a Fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your Direction.

Mach. Have an Eye upon the Money-Lenders.—A *Rouleau*, or two, would prove a pretty Sort of an Expedition. I hate Extortion.

Mat. Those *Rouleaus* are very pretty Things.—I hate your Bank Bills.—There is such a Hazard in putting them off.

Mach. There is a certain Man of Distinction, who in his Time hath nick'd me out of a great Deal of the Ready. He is in my Cash, *Ben.*—I'll point him out to you this Evening, and you shall draw upon him for the Debt.—The Company are met; I hear the Dice Box in the other Room. So, Gentlemen, your Servant. You'll meet me at *Marybone*.

SCENE V. Peachum's Lock.

A Table with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The Coronation Account, Brother *Peachum*, is of so intricate a Nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists, indeed, of a great Variety of Articles.—It was worth to our People, in Fees of different Kinds, above ten Instalments.—This is part of the Account, Brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A Lady's Tail of rich Brocade—that, I see, is disposed of.

Peach. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the Tally Woman; and she will make a good Hand on't in Shoes and Slippers, to trick out young Ladies, upon their going into Keeping—

Lock. But I don't see any Articles of the Jewels.

Peach. Those are so well known, that they must be sent abroad—You'll find them enter'd under the Article of Exportation.—As for the Snuff-Boxes, Watches, Swords, &c.—I thought it best to enter them under their several Heads.

Lock.

Lock. Seven and twenty Womens Pockets complete; with the several Things therein contained, all seal'd, number'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But, Brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this Affair—We should have the whole Day before us.—Besides the Account of the last half Year's Plate is in a Book by itself, which lies at the other Office.

Lock. Bring us more Liquor—To day shall be for Pleasure—To morrow for Business.—Ah, Brother, those Daughters of ours are two slippery Huffy's—Keep a watchful Eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a Day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLV. Down in the North Country, &c.

Lock. *What Gudgeons are we Men,
Ev'ry Woman's easy Prey,
Though we have felt the Hook, agen
We bite and they betray.
The Bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling Mate,
To her he flies, again is clapt
Within the wiry Grate.*

Peach. But what signifies catching the Bird, if your Daughter *Lucy* will set open the Door of the Cage?

Lock. If Men were answerable for the Follies and Frailties of their Wives and Daughters, no Friends could keep a good Correspondence together for two Days—This is unkind of you, Brother, for among good Friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to speak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, Brother *Lockit*?

Lock. By all means—She's a good Customer, and a well-spoken Woman—And a Woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the Conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in.

[Exit Servant.]

SCENE VI.

Peachum, Lockit, Mrs. Trapes.

Peach. Dear Mrs. *Dye*, your Servant—One may know by your Kifs that your Gin is excellent.

Lock.

Trapes. I always was very curious in my Liquor.

Lock. There is no perfum'd Breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the Flavour of those Lips—Hav't I, Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large Draughts of Liquor as I do of Love—I hate a Flincher in either.

A I R XLVI. A Shepherd keep Sheep, &c.

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, la, la, &c.

Like a Sparrow at all Times was ready for Love, fa, &c.

The Life of all Mortals in kissing should pass,

Lip to Lip while we're young, then the Lip to the Glass, fa.

But now Mr. Peachum to your Business—If you have Blacks of any kind, brought in of late, Mantuas—Velvet Scarfs—Petticoats—Let it be what it will—I am your Chap—for all my Ladies are very fond of Mourning.

Peach. Why, look'e, Mrs. Dye—you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the Gentlemen who venture their Lives for the Goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard Times oblige me to go very near in my Dealings—To be sure, of late Years, I have been a great Sufferer by the Parliament—Three Thousand Pounds would hardly make me Amends.—The Act for destroying the Mint, was a severe Cut upon our Business.—'Till then, if a Customer stept out of the Way—we knew where to have her—No doubt but you know Mrs. Coaxer—there's a Wench now (till this Day) with a good Suit of Cloaths of mine upon her Back, and I could never set Eyes upon her for three Months together—Since the Act too against Imprisonment for small Sums, my Loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so, when a Lady can borrow a handsome Petticoat, or a clean Gown, and I not have the least Hank upon her! And o' my Conscience, now-a-days most Ladies take a Delight in cheating, when they can do it with Safety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome Gold Watch of us y'other Day for seven Guineas, considering we must have our Profit—To a Gentleman upon the Road, a Gold Watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that Watch was remarkable, and not of very safe Sale.—If you have any black

E

Velvet

Velvet Scarfs—they are a handsome Winter wear; and take with most Gentlemen who deal with my Customers. 'Tis I that put the Ladies upon a good Foot. 'Tis not Youth or Beauty that fixes their Price: The Gentlemen always pay according to their Dress, from half a Crown to Two Guineas; and yet those Hussys make nothing of bilking of me.—Then too, allowing for Accidents—I have eleven fine Customers now down under the Surgeons Hands.—What with Fees and other Expences, there are great Goings out, and no Comings in, and not a Farthing to pay for at least a Month's cloathing—We run great Risques—great Risques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

Trapes. Yes, Sir——To be sure I stript her of a Suit of my own Cloaths about two Hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her last Shift, with a Lover of hers at my House. She call'd him up Stairs, as she was going to *Marybone* in a Hackney Coach.—And I hope, for her own Sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the Ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him—An intimate Acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peacbum*—Only Captain *Macbeath*—as fine as a Lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you shall set your own Price upon any of the Goods you like—We have at least half a Dozen Velvet Scarfs, and all at your Service. Will you give me Leave to make you a Present of this Suit of Night Cloaths for your own wearing!—But are you sure 'tis Captain *Macbeath*?

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no Body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's Money in my Time at second hand, for he always lov'd to have his Ladies well dress'd.

Peach. Mr. *Lockit* and I have a little Business with the Captain:—You understand me—and we will satisfy you for Mrs. *Coaxer's* Debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like Men of Honour.

Trapes. I don't enquire after your Affairs—so whatever happens,

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happens, I wash my Hands on it.—It has always been my Maxim, that one Friend should assist another.—But, if you please—I'll take one of the Scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in Hand.

SCENE VII. *Newgate.*

Lucy. Jealousy, Rage, Love, and Fear are at once tearing me to Pieces. How am I Weatherbeaten and shatter'd with Distress.

AIR XLVII. One Evening having lost my Way.

*I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each Billow borne,
With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and tossing all Night,
That Polly lies sporting on Seas of Delight!
Revenge, Revenge, Revenge,
Shall appease my restless Spits.*

I have the Rats bane ready.—I run no Risque; for I can lay her Death upon the Gin, and so many die of that naturally, that I shall never be called in Question.—But say, I were to be hang'd—I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater Comfort, than the poisoning that Slut.

Enter Filch.

Filch. Madam, here's our Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

SCENE VIII. *Lucy, Polly.*

Lucy. Dear Madam, your Servant—I hope you will pardon my Passion, when I was so happy to see you last—I was so over-run with the Spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the Spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a Friend.

AIR XLVIII. Now Roger, I'll tell thee, because
thou'rt my Son.

*When a Wife's in her Pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt)
The good Husband as meek as a Lamb;
Her Vapours to still,
First grant her her Will,
And the quieting Draught is a Dram, poor Man!
And the quieting Draught is a Dram.*

— I wish all our Quarrels might have so comfortable a Reconciliation.

Pol. I have no Excuse for my own Behaviour, Madam, but my Misfortunes. — And really, Madam, I suffer too much upon your Account.

Lucy. But, Miss *Polly* — in the Way of Friendship, will you give me Leave to propose a Glass of Cordial to you?

Polly. Strong Waters are apt to make my Head ach — I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest Lady in the Land could have better in her Closet, for her own private drinking. — You seem mighty low in Spirits, my dear.

Pol. I am sorry, Madam, my Health will not allow me to accept of your Offer — I would not have left you in the rude Manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my Papa haul'd me along so unexpectedly — I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some Expressions that were disrespectful. — But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much Contempt and Cruelty, that I deserv'd your Pity, rather than your Resentment.

Lucy. But since his Escape, no doubt all Matters are made up again. — Ah *Polly, Polly!* 'tis I am the unhappy Wife, and he loves you as if you were only his Mistress.

Pol. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the Object of your Jealousy. — A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well — so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our Cases, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us, indeed, have been too fond.

A I R.

AIR XLIX. O Bessy Bell.

Polly. *A Curse attend that Woman's Love,
Who always would be pleasing.*

Lucy. *The Pertness of the billing Dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.*

Pol. *What then in Love can Woman do?*

Lucy. *If we grow fond they shun us;*

Pol. *And when we fly them, they pursue,*

Lucy. *But leave us when they've won us.*

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both Sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting. — But my Heart is particular, and contradicts my own Observation.

Pol. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last Behaviour, I think I ought to envy you—When I was forced from him he did not shew the least Tendernefs—but, perhaps, he hath a Heart not capable of it.

AIR L. Would Fate to me Belinda give.

*Among the Men Coquets we find,
Who court by Turns all Women-kind;
And we grant all their Hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.*

The Coquets of both Sexes are Self Lovers, and that is a Love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy, our Husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy Reflections, —
indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a Cup too low,
— Let me prevail upon you to accept of my Offer.

AIR LI. Come sweet Lass.

*Come, sweet Lass,
Let's banish Sorrow;
Till To-morrow;
Come, sweet Lass,
Let's take a chirping Glass.
Wine can clear
The Vapours of Despair,
And make us light as Air;
Then drink, and banish Care.*

I can't bear, Child, to see you in such low Spirits—
 And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good.
 —I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical Strumpet.
 [*Aside.*]

SCENE IX.

Pol. All this Wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing—
 At this Time too, when I know she hates me!—The Dis-
 sembling of a Woman is always the Fore-runner of Mischief
 —By pouring strong Waters down my Throat, she thinks
 to pump some Secrets out of me—I'll be upon my Guard,
 and won't taste a Drop of her Liquor, I'm resolved.

SCENE X.

Lucy, with strong Waters, Polly.

Lucy. Come, Miss *Polly*.

Pol. Indeed, Child, you have given yourself Trouble to
 no Purpose.—You must, my Dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss *Polly*, you are as squeamishly affected
 about taking a Cup of strong Waters as a Lady before
 Company. I vow, *Polly*, I shall take it monstrously ill if
 you refuse me.—Brandy and Men, though Women love
 them never so well, are always taken by us with some Re-
 luctance—unless 'tis in private.

Pol. I protest, Madam, it goes against me—What
 do I see! *Macheath* again in Custody!—Now every
 Glimm'ring of Happiness is lost.

[*Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.*]

Lucy. Since Things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath
 escap'd; for by this Event, 'tis plain, she was not happy
 enough to deserve to be poison'd.

SCENE XI.

Lockit, Macheath, Peachum, Lucy, Polly.

Lock. Set your Heart to rest, Captain,——You have
 neither the Chance of Love or Money for another Escape
 ——for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your Trial
 immediately.

Peachum

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Peach. Away, Huffs!—This is not a Time for a Man to be hamper'd with his Wives.—You see the Gentleman is in Chains already.

Lucy. O Husband, Husband! my Heart long'd to see thee; but to see you thus distracts me!

Pol. Will not my dear Husband look upon his *Polly*? Why hadst thou not flown to me for Protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

AIR LII. The last Time I went over the Moor.

Pol. Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes,

Lucy. Bestow one Glance to cheer me;

Pol. Think with that Look thy *Polly* dies,

Lucy. O shun me not——but bear me.

Pol. 'Tis *Polly* sues,

Lucy. ————— 'Tis *Lucy* speaks;

Pol. Is thus true Love requited?

Lucy. My Heart is bursting,

Pol. ————— Mine too breaks;

Lucy. Must I,

Pol. ————— Must I be slighted?

Mach. What would you have me say, Ladies?—You see, this Affair will soon be at an End, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling this Point, Captain, might prevent a Law-suit between your two Widows.

AIR LIII. Tom Tinker's my true Love.

Mach. Which Way shall I turn me—How can I decide?

Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond as a Bride.

One Wife is too much for most Husbands to bear;

But two at a Time no Mortal can bear.

This Way, and that Way, and which Way I will,

What would comfort the one, t'other Wife would take ill.

Pol. But if his own Misfortunes have made him insensible to mine—A Father sure will be more compassionate—Dear, dear Sir, sink the material Evidence, and bring him off at his Trial.—*Polly* upon her Knees begs it of thee.

AIR

AIR LIV. I am a poor Shepherd undone.

*When my Heroe in Court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his List;
Then think of poor Polly's Tears,
For ah! poor Polly's his Wife.
Like the Sailor he holds up his Hand,
Distrest on the dashing Wave;
To die a dry Death at Land,
Is as bad as a watry Grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well a day!
Before that I was in Love,
Oh! every Month was May.*

Lucy. If *Peachum's* Heart is harden'd, sure you, Sir, will have more Compassion on a Daughter——I know the Evidence is in your Power.——How then can you be a Tyrant to me? [Kneeling.]

AIR LV. Iantbe the lovely, &c.

*When he holds up his Hand arraign'd for his Life,
O think of your Daughter, and think I'm his Wife!
What are Cannons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords?
For Death is more certain by Witnesse's Words.
Then nail up their Lips, that dread Thunder allay;
And each Month of my Life will hereafter be May.*

Lock. *Macbeath's* Time is come, Lucy.—We know our own Affairs, and therefore let us have no more Whimpering and Whining.

AIR LVI. A Cobler there was, &c.

*Ourselves, like the Great, to save a Retreat,
When Matters require it, must give up our Game;
A good Reason why,
Or, instead of the Fry,
Ev'n *Peachum* and I,
Like poor petty Rascals might bang, bang;
Like poor petty Rascals might bang.*

Peach.

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Peach. Set your Heart at rest, *Polly*—Your Husband is to die To-day—Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high Time to look about for another. There's Comfort for you, you Slut.

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

A I R LVII. *Bonny Dundee.*

Mach. *The Charge is prepar'd, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show!)
I go undismay'd—For Death is a Debt,
A Debt on demand—So take what I owe.
Then farewell, my Love—dear Charmer adieu,
Contented I die—'tis the better for you:
Here ends all Disputes the rest of our Lives,
For this way at once I please all my Wives.*

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

S C E N E XII. *Lucy, Polly, Filch.*

Pol. Follow them, *Filch*, to the Court. And when the Trial is over, bring me a particular Account of his Behaviour, and of every Thing that happened.—You'll find me here with Miss *Lucy*. [*Exit. Filch.*] But why is all this Musick?

Lucy. The Prisoners whose Trials are put off till next Sessions are diverting themselves.

Pol. Sure there is nothing so charming as Musick? I'm fond of it to Distraction—But alas!—now, all Mirth seems an Insult upon my Affliction.—Let us retire, my dear *Lucy*, and indulge our Sorrows.—The noisy Crew, you see are coming upon us. [*Exeunt.*]

A Dance of Prisoners in Chains, &c.

S C E N E XIII.

The Condemn'd Hole.

Macheath, in a melancholy Posture.

A I R

A I R LVIII. Happy Groves.

*O cruel, cruel, cruel Case,
Must I suffer this Disgrace?*

A I R LIX. Of all the Girls that are so smart.

*Of all the Friends in Time of Grief,
When threat'ning Death looks Grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring Relief,
As this best Friend, a Brimmer.*

[Drinks.]

A I R LX. Britons strike Home.

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. [Rises.]

A I R LXI. Chevy Chase.

*But now again my Spirits sink;
I'll raise them high with Wine.* [Drinks a Glass of Wine.]

A I R LXII. To old Sir Simon the King.

*But Valour the stronger grows,
The stronger Liquor we're drinking,
And how can we find our Woes,
When we've lost the Trouble of Thinking?*

[Drinks.]

A I R LXIII. Joy to great Cæsar.

*If thus——— a Man can die
Much bolder with Brandy.* [Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.]

A I R LXIV. There was an old Woman.

*So I drink off this Bumper—And now I can stand the Test,
And my Comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.*

[Drinks.]

A I R LXV. Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.

*But can I leave my pretty Huffs,
Without one Tear or Tender Sigh?*

A I R

AIR LXVI. Why are mine Eyes still flowing.

*Their Eyes, their Lips, their Buffs
Recall my Lows—Ah must I die.*

AIR LXVII. Green Sleeves.

*Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company,
Upon Tyburn Tree!
But Gold for Law can take out the Sting;
And if rich Men, like us, were to swing;
'Twould thin the Land, such Numbers to string
Upon Tyburn Tree!*

SCENE XIV.

Macheath, Ben Budge, Matt of the Mint.

Mach. For my having broken Prison, you see, Gentlemen, I am order'd immediate Execution. The Sheriffs Officers, I believe, are now at the Door.—That *Jemmy Twitcher* should peach me, I own surpriz'd me!—'Tis a plain Proof that the World is all alike, and that even our Gang can no more trust one another than other People. Therefore I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all Probability you may live some Months longer.

Matt. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your Misfortune. — But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mach. *Peachum* and *Lockit*, you know, are infamous scoundrels. Their Lives are as much in your Power, as ours are in theirs.—Remember your dying Friends? 'Tis my last Request.—Bring those Villains to the Gallows before you, and I am satisfy'd

Matt. We'll do't.

Gentler. Miss *Polly* and Miss *Lucy* intreats a Word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

SCENE

AIR

• SCENE XV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Mach. My dear *Lucy*—my dear *Polly*.—Whatsoever hath pass'd between us is now at an End.—If you are fond of marrying again, the best Advice I can give you, is to ship yourselves off to the *West Indies*, where you'll have a fair Chance of getting a Husband a piece; or by good Luck, two or three, as you like best.

Pol. How can I support this Sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.

A I R. LXVIII. All you that must take a Leap, &c.

Lucy. Would I might be hang'd!

Polly. And I wish so too!

Lucy. To be hang'd with you;

Polly. My dear with you.

Mach. O leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt!

I tremble! I droop!—See my Courage is out.

[Turns up the empty Bottle.

Polly. No Token of Love?

Mach. ————— See my Courage out.

[Turns up the empty Pot.

Lucy. No Token of Love?

Polly. Adieu,

Lucy. Farewell,

Mach. But bark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

Chorus. Tol de rol lol, &c.

Goaler. Four Women more, Captain, with a Child a-piece! See, here they come. [Enter Women and Children.

Mach. What—four Wives more!—That is too much—Here tell the Sheriffs Officers I am ready.

[Exit. Macheath, guarded.

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

To them enter Player and Beggar.

Play. But, honest Friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macbeath* shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly, Sir. — To make the Piece perfect I was for doing strict poetical Justice. — *Macbeath* is to be hanged; and for the other Personages in the Drama, the Audience must have supposed they were all either hang'd or transported.

Play. Why then, Friend, this is a down-right deep Tragedy. The Catastroph^y is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your Objection, Sir, is very just; and is easily removed. For you must allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly Things are brought about. — So — you Rabble, there — run and cry a Reprieve — let the Prisoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

Play. All this we do, to comply with the Taste of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a Similitude of Manners, in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable Vices) the Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentleman — Had the Play remained, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent Moral: 'twould have shewn that the lower Sort of People have their Vices, in a Degree, as well as the Rich, and that they are punished for them.

SCENE XVII.

To them, with Macheath, with Rabble, &c.

Mach. So, it seems, I am not left to my Choice, but must have a Wife at last. Look ye, my Dears, we will have no Controversy now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my Wife will testify her Joy by a Dance.

R

All.

All. Come, a Dance—a Dance.

Macb. Ladies, I hope you will give me Leave to present a Partner to each of you. And (if I may without Offence) for this Time, I take *Polly* for mine. —And for Life, you Slut—for we are really marry'd—As for the rest—But at present keep your own Secrets. [To *Polly*.

A D A N C E.

AIR LXIX. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

*Thus I stand like the Turk with his Doxies around,
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;
For black, brown and fair, his Inconstancy burns,
And the different Beauties subdue him by Turns:
Each calls forth her Charms, to provoke his Desires;
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,
The Wretch of To-day may be happy To-morrow.
Chorus. But think of this Maxim, &c.*

F I N I S,

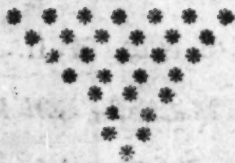




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